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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

QUOTATIONS ON PEACE

SIR,—In my youth they used as an argument against profane swearing this story: "The profane man is like unto the stupidest of fish, the gudgeon, which will bite at and be caught by a bare hook." Has any one yet shown the American people the slightest sign of bait on that of the League of Nations?

Forty years ago I heard of John Randolph of Roanoke, that in discussing some treaty or other he had said, "It shines and it stinks, and it stinks and it shines, like a dead mackerel lying in the moonlight."

I have gone through "Peace" in several books of quotations with the result appended. None seem nearly as applicable as John Randolph's.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be *thy country's*,
Thy God's and truth's.

—*Wolsey in Henry VIII., act III., scene 2.*

My soul, there is a countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a sentrie
All skillful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

—*Henry Vaughan, "Peace."*

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remains."

—*Dr. Johnson, Vanity of Human Wishes, Line 201.*

Said of Charles XII of Sweden, in an Imitation of Juvenal's 10th Satire

Mark! Where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He made a platitude and calls it—peace.

—*Byron, Bride of Abydos, C. II., St. 20.*
(Slightly amended.)

(I don't know just when Pope wrote the following)

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes.

(He was born in 1688, died 1744. There were some wars in those years and not a few since.)

Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, article on "Peace," is worth reading as showing aspirations for a world-wide one. Volume 21, page 6, gives, in a footnote, a long list of W. W.'s predecessors, referring to their fruitless failures as schemes of thinkers.

STUYVESANT FISH.

Glenclyffe, N. Y.

LETHAL FERMENTATIONS

SIR,—There is something very wrong with America. I can feel this plainly, although I am not in touch with the city life of the people where fermentations of dissatisfaction break out first, nor do I know the Government save by the newsprints. But amid all this bleat of Democracy I understand intuitively that there is a very great measure of factitiousness in our shallow complacency of contentment.

If we have a Democracy it is certainly not firmly based, and it must be its clothes, its shell out of which the heart has been eaten and a timocracy pushed into its place, filling out the shirt of independence with the flatulent breast of wealth, and stretching up from the neck the serpent head of avarice where the broad brow of truth had been.

I go out among the people, and see a crude appearing man edging through the crowd. He pauses to address a friend. "Whar you goin' now, Sammie?" Intellectually those around him shrug their cultured shoulders. But someone says: "He's a millionaire, man!" And the crowd opens, someone addresses him with a hearty invitation to lunch, which he accepts with embarrassment and with uncouth speech.

So it runs. Culture descends to wealth, grovels beneath its purchasing power, and destroys the little value it might have abstractly had by showing itself a worthless snob, a windy declaimer out of a stomach of gas and a head of wind. And illiteracy sees itself worshipped and forgets the wholesome truth it had possessed, that money was not all, and that it was gravely deficient until it had made itself more than its wealth, until it had made itself capable of really using its wealth.

Our literature is no exception to this general rule. It increases the great crowd of money-reverent, and writes meekly and sweetly for the sugar tongue of ease, afraid to speak aloud of Life, but disguising it under a coating of lies until it is simply a little bump in the cushion of indolence. The men and women who lead farcical lives in the pages of our books teach us to be good. They tell us how remunerative it is to be honest, they give us a little morals sweetened to taste, and they teach us to cover up the horns of the bull rather than struggle with him naked-handed.

But, from an artistic aspect at least, Literature is taking lessons. In the grasp of the new psychology which tries to pierce the mystery